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The Conjuror's Bride.

Prof. George Sholbach was a magician. He amused the audience with really wonderful tricks. The second part of his entertainment consisted of "mind reading," and it was with that he most astonished and confounded the minds of the Western and Southern people among whom he performed. He had a circuit of towns, never went off his beaten track, and yet always had crowded houses. His personal appearance was of some assistance to him, for he looked like a magician. His hair was jet black long and wavy. His complexion was pale and bloodless. Under his shapely marked black brows burned a pair of coal-black eyes, brilliant as diamonds and restless as flame. In Montrose he was a great favorite. —He had given his entertainments there a number of times, and was admired much by the townspeople. He had never, however, made any friends among them. He was courteous to those who addressed him, but he repelled all attempts at intimacy.

Among those who constantly attended his entertainments was Irene Washburne, the daughter of the only editor of the place. She was only nineteen years of age and was remarkably handsome. Her dark brown eyes and hair, coupled with a complexion in which blood came and went like waves on a summer sea, her rosy lips and milk like teeth were the loadstones that attracted many of the village beaux to father's house. She was a very intelligent girl, but was given to too much reading of the sombre tales of Poe and the weird fancies of Shelly. Night after night she sat in the town hall when Sholbach was giving his performances, chained by a strange fascination which she could not explain. She shuddered with horror when the magician's keen, restless eye lighted upon her, and when she found him gazing at her with a strangely steady, burning look, as he often did, she wanted to cry out with horror, but could not. After each entertainment she vowed she would never visit the hall again when the professor was there, but when his bills appeared in the town she found herself irresistibly moved to go and see him.

This had been the state of matters for some time, when suddenly Sholbach threw off his reserve and began to make friends in Montrose. Twice after performing in the town he invited several young men to his rooms at the hotel and there opened bottles of wine and served them with cigars until they vowed he was a royal good fellow. At last he asked one of them, a great friend of editor Washburne, to introduce him to the newspaper man. The introduction was performed and Sholbach made such a pleasant impression on the editor that the latter invited the magician to visit his house when again in town.

When Sholbach next performed in Montrose the editor gave a little reception to him after the entertainment. Once in the house of Washburne, Sholbach appeared to have eyes only for Irene. He devoted himself to her, and attended to all her wants with a grave and tender courtesy that could not fail to make an impression on her. But the impression was not such as the magician wanted. While he fascinated her he filled her with horror. He reminded her of a snake.

"Why do you shrink from me?" he asked her.

"Do I shrink from you?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, you do shrink from me," he said gravely.

"They were alone on the piazza, where the moonlight lent an additional keenness to the glitter of Sholbach's eyes."

"I—I am sorry," she said, trying to drop her eyes, but finding them irresistibly fastened to his.

"Do you know," he continued, "that I perform in this town more than any other?"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and why do you suppose I do it?"

"I do not know."

She did know. She knew what he was going to say, and she would have given her life to stop him; but she was powerless.

"I love you," he whispered in a hoarse voice.

She shuddered and clasped her hands. "Why do you not answer me?" he said bending close to her. "I tell you I love you."

"I know it," she said in a faint murmur. She could not move hand or foot.

"Then why do you not answer me?" he asked.

She was silent.

"You love me then. This silence comes from your shyness. I might have known it."

And leaning forward he clasped her in his arms and kissed her lips.

The charm was broken. With a long quivering shriek, she broke from his arms and rushed madly into the parlor among the startled guests. Sholbach followed her, but she fled to her father for protection.

"Take him away!" she cried. "Take him away! He will kill me with his icy eyes—those serpent's eyes. Take him away!"

The next morning Sholbach had disappeared from the town after announcing that he would never return, and Irene lay in a fever.

A year had passed away and Irene had long ago recovered her accustomed health and spirits. Sholbach true to his promise had never come back to Montrose. In the meantime John Manners, a stalwart young physician, whose ability was unquestioned, and whose physical beauty was the envy of every young man in the town, had found the way to Irene's heart. She loved and was loved in return, and it had been arranged that they should be married at her uncle's magnificent mansion in St. Louis in the fall. The days rolled on, and a week before the day appointed for the wedding, Irene and her parents, went to the city.

The first thing which met Irene's eyes when she arrived at St. Louis was a bill announcing that Professor Geo. Sholbach would exhibit his wonderful illusions for one week at a certain hall. The bill stated that the magician would introduce his new features of cutting off a man's head and restoring it to its place again without hurting him. Irene shuddered and turned pale when she saw this bill. Her lover noticed this, and, on being told the cause laughed.

"My darling," he said, "you ought to be cured of that trouble by this time. Remember that in a few days you will have a husband to protect you. I know your horror is only temporary. I shouldn't be surprised if you ask me to take you to see him in a few days."

Was it prophetic? The desire to see Sholbach's performance again grew upon Irene. The simple knowledge that she was in the same city with him had a strange fascination for her. She struggled against her growing desire to see Sholbach, but found herself unable to conquer it. At length, in sheer desperation, she asked her lover one evening to take her to see the magician. He laughed heartily.

"I knew you were cured of your strange aversion of him. There's nothing like a light heart and a good digestion to remove unpleasant fancies."

Accordingly, they went in the evening to the hall and secured seats near the stage. When Sholbach's eyes fell upon them he started as if he had been shot. He fixed a burning glance upon them and in a moment understood their position, for Irene clung to John for protection. Then Sholbach bowed and smiled reassuringly. From that time until the close of the entertainment he appeared to take no notice of them.

The usual tricks had been performed, and he began his concluding feat. A man was summoned from among the audience to go upon the stage. Then he removed his collar and necktie and coat. Then Sholbach appeared with a large knife and suddenly seizing the man plunged it into his throat. The man screamed and struggled. The blood poured from the wound. The audience, convinced as they were that the man was a confederate, were silent with horror. Presently Prof. Sholbach whirled the knife around with a quick movement and then held up the man's head. A murmur of horror ran through the audience. The body was removed and the professor treated the audience to a three-minute lecture. He was interrupted by the appearance at the other end of the man he had decapitated, alive and smiling. The audience heaved a sigh of relief and then awarded the successful magician with a round of applause.

"You may think," said Sholbach, "that the man who has just been on the

stage was a confederate. Now, in order to convince you that he was not, I desire any gentleman who has the courage to come upon the stage, and I will repeat the experiment."

As he said this Sholbach looked at John Manners. The powerful young physician suddenly felt an irresistible desire to go upon the platform. He arose as if to start.

"John, you are not going!" exclaimed Irene, in a tone of terror.

"Yes," he replied, laughing; "I want to find out how it was done."

"Let me go with you?"

And without waiting for his answer she followed him.

"This is hardly the sort of exhibition for a lady to look upon at close quarters," said Sholbach. "You had better sit behind the screen until it is over."

"No! No!" said a voice from the house. "Let the lady see how you do it if she can."

Sholbach bowed and gave Irene a chair on the side of the stage, opposite to Manners. As he went off to get the knife he paused for a single instant in front of her and glared into her eyes.

"Don't you move or speak," he whispered.

Poor girl! She could not have stirred if her life depended upon it. Cold beads of perspiration broke out on her brow and shivering chills ran down her spine. But she was voiceless and nerveless. Sholbach had brought the full power of his will to bear on her and she was completely mesmerized.

When the conjuror stood before Manners he gazed intently into his eyes. The young physician, strong as he was, felt himself grow weak before that look. He endeavored to speak, but Sholbach frowned and the words seemed to freeze in his throat. The conjuror did not take his eyes off the physician while he spoke to the audience.

"This man is very powerful," he said, "and I must allow him time to control his nerves before I begin, or he might do me some injury."

Then for a time he was silent. The audience waited and watched the three silent figures. At length, without taking his eyes from Manners, Sholbach said:

"It is time."

Then with a sudden expression of frightful ferocity he plunged the knife into the throat of the man before him. The head fell forward and the hands gripped the side of the chair convulsively for a moment; then John Manners was as still as if he was dead. Sholbach asked some of the men in the front row whether they could say that the knife had really been plunged in the man's throat. They said there was no doubt of it.

"As the hour is late," said Sholbach. "I will not prolong this exhibition. I put this screen in front of this man so. Now in two minutes you will see him enter that door."

No one had noticed Irene while Sholbach was performing his feat, but it was now seen that she had fainted. Two or three persons made a movement to go to her assistance, but Sholbach stopped them with a wave of the hand.

"I can bring her out of the faint in a moment," he said.

Then lifting her as easily as if she had been a child he carried her off the stage.

The audience waited until the two minutes had expired. Then they began to look for the reappearance of Manners from the front of the stage. But no one came. There was a deathly silence in the house, and the stage remained empty. Three, four, five, ten minutes passed, and neither the physician nor the conjuror appeared.

"There's something wrong here," exclaimed a man sitting in the front rank. So saying he sprang upon the stage and overthrew the screen behind which the magician had hidden Manners.

A horrible sight was exposed. The young physician sat still in the chair with the knife in his throat, the blood trickling slowly down his breast, dead. A dozen men rushed forward to examine. There was no doubt about it; a murder had been committed, calmly and boldly, in the presence of three witnesses.

The building was searched before and behind the scenes. Then it was found that both the conjuror and the young woman had disappeared. The police were informed, an alarm sent out; the news was telegraphed all over the country, but to no purpose. George

Sholbach and his victim were never seen again.

It is said that in Germany a conjuror is travelling about and giving wonderful second sight performances, his assistant being a beautiful, pale woman, who shudders continually, and whose eyes are always fixed in a glassy stare, but who never makes a mistake in answering his questions. No one, however, has been able to identify the two as George Sholbach and Irene Washburne.

MOTHER AND WIFE.

"Maud, I wish you would not say that again. I tell you, once for all, Mr. Lee is, and cannot be anything more to me than a friend; so if you respect my wishes in the least you will not mention his name to me again."

And Katie Lane flung back her bright, brown curls as she spoke, a little disdainfully, perhaps, and bent a little lower over the piece of crocheting she held in her hands.

I will not stop to tell you that she, my heroine, was handsome; suffice it to say that she was the belle of the pretty village of M—; and, as a matter of course, was sought after and admired by all the young men of the place, not only because she was witty and accomplished, but because old Guy Lane was the wealthiest man in the place, and would one day leave his all in the hands of Katie, as the only legal heir.

Maud Anthony laughed low and triumphantly as she returned:

"Really, Katie, you need not speak so angrily. Everybody thinks you are going to marry him, and, for my part, I think he will make some one a kind husband."

"Well, if you see so many good qualities about him, why don't you marry him? When I see fit to get married I shall take whom I please, despite what everybody says."

The curls flew again, and the sparkling eyes glanced saucily at the finished coquette opposite her.

"Oh, ho! so my pretty lady is getting angry, eh? If that's the case I must flee. Only remember I have done my duty. I thought you ought to know how people are talking."

"You need not trouble yourself, Miss Anthony, to look after my affairs; you must have enough of your own to look after. When I need your advice I will surely let you know. So I bid you good afternoon."

The quietly little head rose proudly erect at this, and with a scornful expression on her lips Katie walked quickly away into the shadow of the shrubbery of the garden.

As she walked hastily on a footstep on the other side of the hedge checked her flight, and in a moment Wilkes Lee, the subject of the conversation under the elms, scrambled up into sight, without seeming to have seen Katie, and hastened away.

The strange little heart of Katie gave a sudden start as she recognized her old friend and—lover, and she paused, murmuring:

"I wonder if he heard what we said?"

I wouldn't have had him for all the world. A plague on Maud Anthony! She forced me to say it. I suppose she is glad, too; for now she thinks I don't care for him."

For a moment Katie was silent as she worked nervously at the pretty diamond ring that encircled that chubby forefinger. It was a gift from Wilkes, a betrothal ring.

"I don't care!" Katie at last broke out, poutingly. "Now that I've said it, I'll show Miss Anthony I mean it. There!" she said, as she drew the diamond ring from her finger and cast it away into the bushes, "there, lie there and rust, for all I care. Much good may it do you Maud, too. You can catch him, I know, but what do I care?"

More than you think, my pretty heroine; we shall see.

A moment Katie stood there looking in the direction of the hedge; then clapping her hands to her face she burst into a quiet shower of tears.

On the other side of the hedge Wilkes Lee strode quickly away, saying, sheepishly:

"Well, well; a pretty scrape you came near getting into, my boy. Didn't mean to be an eavesdropper, certainly; accidents will happen, you know. So she don't care for you, eh? We'll see. I'll warrant she don't know her own heart now. I think I'll run away a few days, and let her get over her fit."

And the young man disappeared in the underbrush that lined the road,

leaped the fence, and was soon lost to view in the distance.

Katie waited impatiently for many days for the visit of her once ardent lover, and then, concluding that he had not only overheard what she said that day in the garden, but had taken her at her word, commenced not to look alone, but to mourn him as lost to her, indeed.

And Maud Anthony, to whom all this was due, rejoiced that Wilkes seemed to have suddenly ceased to visit the Lanes, and strove with renewed efforts to entangle the handsome young fellow—for Wilkes Lee was considered the best catch the village afforded. But with all the pleasing ways she could affect, Wilkes seemed impregnable to her attempts. Indeed, no one knew that he even noticed her, save Katie, who looked jealously, thinking she could no longer hold a place by her side. In Katie's presence alone did Wilkes seem to care in the least for the flirt. After a while he cast even her off, and disappeared entirely. Ah, Katie! the battle was more than half fought when you cast the love of a man, pure and undivided, from you. This was only a struggle before the actual defeat.

There was a great ball at the Anthonys; positively the affair of the season, those said who ought to know. Of course all the fashionable people would be there; no one would miss such a chance to show themselves as this *bal masque* afforded. The Lane carriage was in attendance, and Katie was there looking prettier than ever; a trifle paler than usual, no doubt, but glowing for the world she would not have had the sharp-sighted gossips surmise the real cause.

The ball was in full blast when the close carriage of the Lees was whirled up to the door, and the occupants, *en costume*, announced. No one doubted, even for a moment, that that tall, distinguished looking fellow, with a lady leaning heavily on his arm, was Wilkes Lee; but who was his companion—who was she? This was with all the theme of wonder, with all; none the less with Katie than with the coquette, Maud Anthony. Some said 'twas his wife; perhaps he had married in a foreign land. Some said no; Mrs. Lee had said only to-day that Wilkes was coming home unmarried.

And so while all wondered, no one knew. Katie's wandering little heart sank still lower as she saw the care and attention the young man bestowed upon his companion. 'Twas well her face was concealed beneath the simple milk-maid's dress; otherwise some might have said she still cared for him.

And, think you, this verdict would have been wrong? I very much surmise it would not.

The mask seemed not to have any eyes or ears for anything save the lady beside him. And lower and lower sank Katie's poor little heart as the evening wore on, and still Wilkes made no effort to distinguish her from among the crowd. At last when she could restrain herself no longer, she quietly slipped away from the throng and went out in the moonlit garden and wept alone, in a seat under the trees.

A long time she sat thus, when with the thought that she would be missed, she started up.

A hand was laid gently on her arm. "Stay a moment, Katie. I want to speak with you a moment."

'Twas Wilkes Lee's voice, and Katie struggled to get from the grasp that detained her.

"Katie, I heard what you said that day under the elms; did you mean it?"

His warm breath touched her face.

"No, Wilkes, I did not. I was provoked," came falteringly, hesitatingly, from Katie's rosy lips. What if, after all, he had been true to her? She could not help thinking of it.

"And you love me still?"

"I have always loved you, Wilkes."

"Then you own up that you are defeated, Katie?"

"But what of that lady who is with you? She is your—"

"Mother, my darling; and you are to be my wife!"

Reader—I never was good at portraying scenes like the one which followed. Perhaps some of you can imagine what it was. As for me, I know only by imagination, never having been there. Suffice to say a few days after there was a wedding somewhere, and some one, which means Katie, was married to some one, which means Wilkes Lee, the one who so unwillingly became once a participator in Katie's defeat.—*Call*.

Piano Virtuosity from an Engineer's Point of View.

Jim Nelson, "one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans," gives the following account in the *Times Democrat* of how he heard a French performer play a piano solo: "As soon as he sat down on a stool I knew by the way that he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys way up on one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old 'thirty-six' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked his keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz-saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and, Jerusalem jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was 'pounding' on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ashpan.

"But he didn't hear me. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of corn stalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went round curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the head-light of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled, and bleeding, and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was, at a dead stand still, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face, and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on the piano."

A Story of Hugo.

During the days of Victor Hugo's exile in Guernsey, an English lady, who had for some time been living with her family at St. Saviour, near the centre of the island, missed her youngest son, an intelligent child of about five years old. The boy, it afterward appeared, had strayed, from his nurse, and, wandering aimlessly about, had grown weary, and had quite contentedly gone to sleep in the open air. Hugo, on one of his solitary rambles, found the child just awakening, and recognized him as the son of a lady whom he knew by sight, he hoisted him on to his back, and, greatly delighted, cantered with him across country to his own home.

A storm came on, and it was decided that the youngster could not be sent back that night. A message, however, allayed the mother's anxieties, and next morning the boy was returned, together with profuse apologies, many thanks and a huge basket of flowers and fruit. Upon being asked how he enjoyed his unpremeditated visit, the child said, "very much, indeed! M. Hugo played at lions with me all the evening. He was the lion—under the table. And, do you know, once when he came out of his den and growled, he pulled off the table-cloth and broke ever so many glasses. It was such fun!" It is not given to every one to have played at lions with the author of "Les Misérables."

Pretty Teacher—"Now Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?" Johnny—"Yes, teacher. Mother says if you don't marry the new parson 'twill be a miracle."

Pistols. Pistols were said to be invented at Pistoria, Tuscany, in Italy, by Camillo Vitelli, from which place they were brought to England in 1526, and were first used by the cavalry of England about 1544. Specimens of these early firearms may be seen at the Tower of London. They are of rude construction requiring to be discharged by a lighted match, were succeeded by a wheel-lock, and then a flint. The cavalry of the present day are armed with revolvers, generally of the Colt pattern, made by machinery, at the Government factory at Enfield. An early model of the revolver may be seen in the museum of the United States Institution, and is supposed to date from the reign of Charles I. An eight-chambered match-lock revolver of the 16th century is also to be seen in the Royal Artillery Museum, Woolwich.

Motto for a dude—"There's room at the top."

The countryman who traveled a hundred miles to see "the invisible girl," returned home mad as a hermit because "he got into the room where she was, and the darned thing wasn't in sight."

Doctor—"Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult in the case." Husband—"There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you might get offended."

An Indian headstone, about the size of a large water pitcher, and similar in shape, except that the top is oval, was found in the Housatonic River lately by a resident of Brookfield, Connecticut. On the oval shape part are wrought two distinct hieroglyphics. On the sides of the stone are also curious carvings. Experts pronounce it one of the finest specimens of Indian headstones in the country.

One day a Munich nurse put her charge down on the grass for a short time. Suddenly a great eagle came swooping down and attacked the baby. In an instant the nurse threw her shawl at the bird. It fortunately went over his head, so it not only prevented his seeing the child, but stopped his flying away. The nurse then caught hold of him, and clung to him with the shawl tight over his head till some one came to help her. When the king heard the story he sent her a handsome present, and ordered the bird to be kept in the menagerie.

Umbrellas. There is a language of umbrellas as well as of flowers. For instances, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change owners. To open it quickly in the street, means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, when the man is getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courting. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it, means, "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies, "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, frightens a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates, "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that! To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry your umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying "Oh, do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies lying. To give a friend half your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means that "it will clear off."

Thursday, August 27, 1885.

THE recently sent-aft story of a rupture between President Cleveland and Mr. Tilden, seems to be about as well authenticated as the average fish yarn.

At this writing the Democratic State Convention is in session at Harrisburg. It is conceded that Conrad B. Day, of Philadelphia, will be nominated for State Treasurer. Anti-discrimination is to be the principal plank in the platform.

The Norristown Herald continues to maintain silence on the Bridge award question. It may be that the Herald presumes that its silence will be accepted as an evidence of dignity. But even its superlative dignity fails to hide its cowardice.

CHARLESTON, South Carolina, was struck by a cyclone Tuesday morning, and one-fourth of the houses in the city were unroofed. The wharves and warehouses were badly damaged. At Sullivan's Island two steamers ran aground. The losses are estimated at \$1,000,000.

THE gentlemen who received such handsome figures for their services at the Doylestown trial have been requested by the Commissioners to refund the sums received. The gentlemen manifest an inclination not to comply with the request and an action in law will probably be brought against them. According to an act of Assembly, governing corporations, they had no right to ask or accept any remuneration whatever for their services.

A RATHER serious charge has been brought against Hon. John Sherman, lately Secretary of the Treasury, by a reliable Washington correspondent to the New York Sun. The accusation is that Mr. Sherman, while Secretary of the Treasury, being about to build a new house in Washington, caused designs for it to be made in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, and had the building of it overseen by persons employed in that office—all being paid for, not by Mr. Sherman, but by the Government.

It was stated last week that the names of fourteen individuals were placed in nomination for the office of Director of the Poor at the recent Democratic preparatory meeting. It appears that only three of the fourteen candidates have paid the necessary enrollment fee which will allow them to be balloted for on Convention day. Abraham H. Hendricks and Daniel Shuler, of Norristown, and George Erb of Douglass, are the names of the gentlemen who have complied with the cash-down demand. And the name of one of the trio aspirants is Daniel Shuler! Daniel Shuler the candidate is, we suppose, the identical Daniel Shuler who is a member of the present Board of Directors of the Poor. Mr. Shuler is serving his second term, and a number of people entertain the opinion that at the expiration of said term the county will have had an ample sufficiency of his efforts to save his country—himself included. We have no desire to dishearten the gentleman but we kindly advise him not to come before the people this time, unless he desires to add the experience of a defeated candidate to his more or less extensive store of knowledge.

The Improved Business Outlook.

The general tone of hopefulness pervading the business interviews published in various papers indicates that an active fall trade may be confidently expected. The general belief that prices have touched bottom, together with the fact that good crops in the South and West always conduce to an improvement in trade, are straws which plainly indicate the way the business wind is blowing. But, better than all the signs, which sometimes fail, is the fact that buyers are already numerous, replenishing exhausted stocks, in anticipation of a heavy fall demand.

It will be observed that the spirit of hopefulness pervades all branches of business. From the dealers in jewelry, whose customers can afford costly luxuries, to those who deal only in the common necessities of life, there is a uniform expression of confidence in better trade for the future. Confidence is a very contagious sentiment, and when men talk confidently and lay in stocks of goods as though they were confident the business boom is already begun. Like Horace Greeley's famous specific for resumption of specie payments, the surest way to restore business confidence is for everybody to be confident.

In a growing country like this long continued business depression is an impossibility. The steady increase of population and the abundant resources of the country are factors which must be felt in the direction of business improvement very quickly, even after a disastrous business collapse. Men must eat and drink, wear clothes and

have houses to live in, and the effort to secure these things by a people increasing in numbers as fast as we are will invariably beget better times. Better times are at the door now and the grumblers should prepare to abandon their grumbling and become cheerful along with the rest of Yankee humanity.

Durability of Slate when Exposed.

In the Granary Burying Ground, in Boston, there is a stone of slate erected to the memory of Captain William Condy, who died August the 25th, 1855. The style of lettering, position, etc., all indicate that it was put there soon after the burial. Yet every letter is clear and sharp, even the guiding lines, scratched with the chisel, being perfectly distinct. In fact, the stone seems to have suffered no change whatever. There are many others near it in the same unimpaired condition, and of nearly equal age. These slabs, probably, were brought from Quincy.

His Feet Were Not Empty.

From the Lynn Union.
Flipkins came down to the club last night with a great problem weighing on his mind.
"If I should stand on my head," he said, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser, "if I stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head, doesn't it?"
No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," continued he, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet why doesn't the blood all rush into my feet?"
"Because," replied Miss Coshannigan's brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty."

Cholera.

The reports from Marseilles indicate the appearance at that place of a very fatal type of the cholera, in which the patient dies without the occurrence of either diarrhoea or vomiting, being apparently stricken with a chill from which it is impossible to cause a reaction by any known medical process. The deaths in the city are increasing daily and it looks now as though the horrors of last year were to be repeated. In Spain there is no perceptible decline in the ravages of the epidemic. On the contrary the reported death list has risen two thousand a day and it is probable that many deaths are not reported owing to the disposition on the part of the peasantry to oppose or ignore all sanitary requirements. The government is doing all that is possible to aid the sufferers, but it is uphill work to aid those who from ignorance or prejudice resent all interference in their behalf.

Letter from Ocean Grove.

OCEAN GROVE, New Jersey, Aug. 18.
—Thousands of persons who have sedentary occupations find that if good health is to be preserved it is an absolute necessity to spend some time during the hot season at a place where they can enjoy pure air and be entirely freed from their unhealthy occupations. The favorite resort is the seashore. Here the air is invigorating and at any of the seaside cities or towns there are enough pleasures to make one for the time being forget that there is such a thing as unhealthy routine work. Accepting these facts, your correspondent decided to spend a week at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, on the Jersey shore. Although most of the readers of the PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT have the fresh country air in abundance and hardly know what having a sedentary occupation is, yet I trust a letter from here will not be uninteresting to them.

Ocean Grove and Asbury Park are adjoining towns separated only by Wesley lake which is not over a hundred yards wide although many times longer. The former place is nicely laid out in small squares, and with but few exceptions the streets or avenues are rather narrow. The houses are principally neat looking little cottages. There are a number of hotels but none of great size. The buildings of greatest note are the Association building and the Auditorium, a great, large open structure with seating capacity for 5,000 persons. Adjoining this are two other buildings, closed up, in which are held overflow meetings and services when the worshippers are too few for the Auditorium. Surrounding these places of worship are hundreds of tents, indeed, the tents are spread throughout the town on nearly every avenue; in these church people, all of whom are Methodists, live with their families, many of them during the entire season. Many of the better class live in the cottages, in fact almost the whole town is peopled by those who have come here to engage in religious worship while yet escaping from the ordinary cares of life. As the people so the town. Everything has a religious aspect. The streets are quiet, no liquor is permitted to be sold and people are expected to be in bed by eleven o'clock at night. At that hour the gates are closed and the town may be said to be religiously at rest. The people, however, are not without their pleasures, and among these music is the chief. Everywhere and at all times during the day you will hear the organ or piano and singing. Bathing, too, is excellent on their beach. Taking every thing into consideration Ocean Grove is just the place for those to go who wish to get a complete rest and have quiet, harmless enjoyment, and do not object to plenty of religion.

Asbury Park lies north of Ocean Grove and differs very much from it. The streets and avenues are wide, the houses generally large and the hotels of colossal proportions. The visitors here seem bent upon giving their time to pleasure and nothing else. The hotels are full of fashionable young people who go driving, boating, walking or bathing during the day and early evening, and spend their nights in many of the pleasures forbidden in Ocean Grove, such as dancing and card playing.

The great attraction for the people of both towns is the beach, indeed the

word "beach" is in the mouth of every one, and there is not a person who does not go there at least once a day. And a glorious beach it is too! long, wide and gently sloping to the water, it is so attractive that, you are unable to resist the desire to lie down upon the clean glistening sand. No sooner are you down than you are digging and playing with almost childish pleasure. You cover yourself up and get your shoes and pockets full of sand; you smooth out the sand and make all sorts of grotesque figures. At length tiring of this you get up and find yourself bristling with sand, a few shakes, a little brushing and you are rid of it without a speck of dirt remaining to soil your clothing. Next you go bathing. The best times for this is when the tide is "half high," "low" and at "half ebb." The beach slopes very gradually from shore before you are "over your head." The bathing is excellent unless you let the breakers strike you fairly and knock you all about. If you take advantage of the swell and meet the breakers half way it is delightful. Tired of being in the water yourself you sit and watch the others. Excursionists afford the most amusement. They seldom have suits of their own and take what they can get at the bathing-houses, and some of them make very grotesque figures. There are tall lanky men with short fat women, large women with little men, the dignified and undignified, a large breaker strikes them and they tumble into a confused mass. The big woman loses her little man and calls: "George, George." Another wave comes up and she gets a mouth full of water, thinks she is drowning (with the water knee deep) plunges about and finally throwing her arms around the neck of the first man she sees, hangs on for dear life. George now appears on the scene and asks: "What's the matter with you?" The answer is lost, but judging by the way she stalks out George does not get off without a severe reckoning.

Stretching along the beach from the south end of Ocean Grove to the north end of Asbury Park, a distance of two miles, is a wide plank walk or promenade. There are always a great many people on the walk, but in the evening from half past six till nine o'clock both towns seem to pour out their inhabitants through all the avenues to the promenade. Nearly all are in full dress and look their prettiest. The Ocean Grove part is principally taken up by those of sober mien and unpretentious dress; as if to conform with the spirit of the people this part is lit up by dreary coal oil lamps. You no sooner get on the Asbury Park side than a change is noticed. Electric lights make the walk bright as day. Distinguished looking men, and mature women of wealth and culture are seen now and then; men of fashion and of the world are with richly dressed women of refinement and of youth and beauty mirth and gaiety there is no scarcity. There are several large pavilions extending out into the sea, on one or the other of these there is music every evening and hundreds of the people come to look out into the great ocean and meditate amid the sounds of dreamy music and the never ending monotonous breaking of the waves upon the beach. The lights of a distant ship remind us of other lands, other worlds to which they are going and we are filled with a longing to go and see wonderful things of which we so often read and hear and yet hardly expect to see.

At nine o'clock the music ceases and the beach is deserted for the hotels, where there usually are hops and other enjoyments lasting till nearly midnight. You now have an idea of the week day pleasures. On Sunday it seems that all the people come to the Ocean Grove Auditorium to attend divine service. Last Sunday the Rev. John E. Newman who was Grant's beloved pastor and who has endeared himself in the memory of the people by his funeral sermon at the burial of the nation's hero, preached here to an immense audience. During his introduction to the audience it was mentioned that one year ago General Grant sat in the Auditorium and listened to a sermon by Dr. Newman. This was the last religious service at which he appeared in public. The Doctor then stepped forward and announcing his subject to be "Christian Womanhood" took as his text 58th Psalm, 11 v. The sermon was eloquent and impressive and yet there were parts in which he provoked the assemblage to laughter. He first showed the degraded state of women in ancient times and among the uncivilized nations at present, and then gave a history of their progress and enlightenment. Lastly he spoke of the women of Christian nations and eulogized the glorious work which they have done and are doing for the cause of Christ. The sermon was not long and was listened to with the greatest interest by fully 6,000 people within reach of his voice.

I will conclude with a pen picture of Dr. Newman. He stands erect, fully six feet high and is of good avoirdupois. His presence is commanding with a face that would attract attention anywhere. He has rather a prominent nose, heavy chin and large full mouth, which, when closed shows the marks of a strong will and the greatest determination; large shaggy eyebrows and a slightly receding forehead give him a stern look. Although partly bald he still has a goodly amount of brown hair mixed with gray and falling in grizzled locks to his shoulders, completely hiding the back part of his coat collar. In repose his appearance is not attractive, but in the midst of an animated discourse his features light up and you find yourself drawn to him until you drink in every word with rapt attention and the greatest pleasure.

LEE.
Fred Ashford, an Alabama burglar, was sentenced to hard labor for five years. He has served that term, and also five years on his costs. He has nearly two years more before his debt on account of his trial's expenses are paid. He is paying at the rate of five cents per day. "If any device or plan

more devilish in its conception or more wicked in its execution could be concocted by the ingenuity of man to oppress his fellow man," say the Prison Inspector, "we would be glad to be advised of it. The idea of imprisoning a man in this age for seven years to pay a debt of something over a hundred dollars at five cents per day is abhorrent."

The Public Schools.

The following statistics are taken from the report of County Superintendent Hoffecker for the school year ending June 1, 1885: There were employed in all the public schools in Montgomery county (exclusive of Norristown) during the last year 333 teachers, of whom 1 was educated at a college, 93 were educated in state normal schools, 124 were educated in academies or seminaries, 65 were educated in high schools, 36 were educated in the common schools, and 19 were educated in parochial or other schools; 19 held a permanent certificate, 41 held a professional certificate. The number of teachers' examinations held was 43, at which were present 230 directors. There are 250 school houses in the county all of brick or stone; of this number, 10 were built during the year; the number reported unfit for use is 29; number badly ventilated, 31; number of first-class houses, 102; number of rooms having suitable furniture, 278; with injurious furniture, 30; number supplied with furniture during the year, 13. The number of schools well supplied with apparatus, 29; without apparatus worth mentioning, 32. The number of graded schools is 152; number graded during year, 5; number needing grading at present, 14; number of schools well classified, 290; number in which the Bible is read, 334; number in which drawing is taught, 140; number in which some of the higher branches are taught, 43. The number of male teachers employed during the year was 154; of female teachers, 184. The average age of teachers was 26 years. The number without any previous experience in teaching was 38; the number who had taught less than one year, 3; more than five years, 161. The number of county Superintendent's visits was 615; the number of Directors accompanying him on these visits, 146; the number of schools regularly visited by Directors was 271 out of 338. There are 11 districts holding institutes; only one, Conshohocken, employs a district Superintendent, but several districts have visiting committees who report regularly. The number of school libraries in the county is 5. There are nine private ungraded schools, 5 academies, the whole being attended by 820 pupils, taught by 33 teachers and professors. This includes Ursinus College and the Hill Boarding School, Pottstown. The number of teachers who have read some work on teaching is 332; only 6 have failed to do so.

Interesting Paragraphs.

An ingenious burglary ladder is made of cords, attached at one end to a telescopic pole, which can be carried under a coat or extended to a second-story window sill, to be there hooked fast.

After ruling thirty years and attaining the age of 114 years the Sultan Abdul Munim, of the Kingdom Bruncl, in the Island of Borneo, is dead. He was more or less familiar with the German, English and Spanish languages, having been educated in the Dutch settlements. At the time of his death he was the oldest living sovereign in the world.

Oakville, Canada, brings forward the champion mean man in a resident to whose dying wife the doctor prescribed wine. Wine could not easily be had and the doctor furnished some from his private stores. When he sent in his bill the sorrowing widower laid an information against him for selling liquor in a prohibition county contrary to the Scott law.

Seventeen years ago the death penalty for murder in the first degree was abolished by Minnesota, and life imprisonment was substituted; but the gallows has just been reerected. Michigan tried the same experiment, and not long since a bill was passed by the Lower House of the Legislature reenacting the hanging policy, although it failed of adoption in the Senate. Maine did no hanging for six years, and then went back to capital punishment.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of Maria Iselt late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery County, deceased. Letters of administration on the above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims, to present the same without delay to H. W. KRATZ, Administrator, P. O. Address: Trappe, Pa. aug.20-6t.

---TRINLEY'S---

FERTILIZERS,
MANUFACTURED AT
LIMERICK STATION,
MONTGOMERY CO., PA.

Farmer's who want to invest in a (25) Twenty-five dollar Phosphate should buy
Trinley's Ravine Bone
PHOSPHATE!!

At \$25 per ton. This is a good fertilizer at a low price. It contains all the fertilizing ingredients—Phosphoric Acid, Ammonia and Potash in the most available condition for the growing crops. Also
Pure Raw Bone Meal,
\$36 per ton; and—
Pure Raw Bone Phosphate
\$36 per ton; and—
FAVORITE BONE PHOSPHATE!
\$32 per ton, that I manufactured heretofore. Farmers, give Trinley's Fertilizers a fair test, and be convinced of their true merits. The best
LEHIGH AND SCHUYLKILL COAL,
different sizes, always on hand, at the very lowest prices.

ESTATE NOTICE!
Estate of Ann Holman, late of Upper Providence twp., Montg., County deceased. Letters Testamentary on the above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims, to present the same without delay to H. W. KRATZ, Executor, P. O. Address: Trappe, Pa. Jy-30-6t.

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING & SUMMER AT LEOPOLD'S POTTSTOWN, PA.

Entire new line parasols, choice new styles at very low prices at Leopold's.
Best 5 cent calicoes at Leopold's.
New lawn fast colors, warranted, price 5 cents at Leopold's.
New summer silks in neat little checks at Leopold's.
New French Dress Goods in many grades and latest shades at Leopold's.
New batistes for dresses at Leopold's.
A specially good thing in debages at 16 cents, in a variety of new colors at Leopold's.
New Jerseys, direct from a large manufacturer, at about two-thirds of last year's prices. They are better styles and better made than any we have ever before offered. Prices for nice, fine goods from \$1 to \$3 at Leopold's.
Fine Jersey cloth in blacks and colors. Jerseys made to order at Leopold's.
Tinsel braids for dress trimmings in new styles at Leopold's.
Ten dollars will pay for a gent's good cassimere suit well made to order at Leopold's.
Good toweling at 3 1/2 cents at Leopold's.
Thousands of yards of the best makes of calicoes at 6 1/2 cents at Leopold's.
New gloves, all grades, from 13 cents to a hundred cents at Leopold's.
New styles in wraps made at Leopold's.
New chenille fringes cheap at Leopold's.
Extra bargain in silk gloves at 45 and 50 cents at Leopold's.
Genuine bargains in imported stockings for ladies and children at Leopold's.
Choice styles in new satteens for dresses at Leopold's.
Ladies' regular made imported hose 17 cents at Leopold's.
The best 12 1/2 cent seamless half-hose ever offered at Leopold's.
Italian sun set is a new shade of lining for parasols at Leopold's.
Finest variety of black dress goods in Pottstown is at Leopold's.
New cloths for spring suits for boys at Leopold's.
Little boys suits made to order at Leopold's.
Fine cork screw and diagonal cloths for men's fine suits at Leopold's.

FIRE.

NOTICE.—The members of the Union Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Co. of Montgomery county, are hereby notified that a contribution levied on July 24, 1885, of One Dollar on each One Thousand dollars for which they are insured, and that Henry Fleck, Treasurer of said Company, will attend at the Office of the Court Company, Swede Street, opposite the Court House, in the Borough of Norristown, from this date, August 12, '85, to receive said assessments.
Extract of Charter, Section 6th.—"Any member failing to pay his or her assessment or tax within the 40 days after the above publication shall forfeit and pay for such neglect double such rates, and in case default is made 50 days after the expiration of the 40 days aforesaid, such defaulting member may be at the option of the Board of Managers, excluded from all benefits under their Policies, and yet be held liable for all past Taxes and Penalties."
Persons sending money by mail must accompany it with postage for return of a receipt. aug.20-6t. HENRY FLECK, Treasurer.

FIRE TAX NOTICE.

The Members of "The Perkiomen Valley Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Company," of Montgomery county are hereby notified that a contribution of \$1 on each \$1000 insured, has been levied to be paid on or before the 1st of September, and that said tax will be collected by persons appointed for that purpose, within sixty days from this date.
Members of the company in Upper Providence Township residing above the Roversford road will pay to John D. Saylor, and those below said road to John H. Longaker.
In Lower Providence Township members will pay to D. M. Casselberry, Esq.
H. W. KRATZ, Sec'y
Trappe, August 11, 1885.

Here We Are Again!

Just received another large stock of

Cloths & Cassimeres!

In Corkscrews, Fine Mixtures and Plaids for Men and Boys wear at very low figures.

---STRAW HATS---

a very fine stock of Straw Hats for men boys and girls.

SHOES! SHOES!

Largest and best stock at prices lower than the lowest.

LARGE STOCK OF LADIES' CORSETS.

GENT'S FINE NECK WEAR!

LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS!

WHITEGOODS!

HAMBURG EMBROIDERY,

Hostery, Notions, and Trimmings, stock of

---DRESS GOODS---

in their variety.

Shawls, Muslins,
Linen, Tickings,
Ginghams, Flannels,
Underwear &c. &c.

GROCERIES!

in their variety; always the best. Window shades in the new shades and style.

Another new stock of

WALL PAPER!

Glassware, Queensware, Hardware, Calcine Plaster, Cement,

PAINTS

OILS, WHITE LEAD, RUBBER PAINTS.

Beaver & Shellenberger,

TRAPPE, PA.

ESTATE NOTICE!

Estate of Ann Holman, late of Upper Providence twp., Montg., County deceased. Letters Testamentary on the above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims, to present the same without delay to H. W. KRATZ, Executor, P. O. Address: Trappe, Pa. Jy-30-6t.

DOWN! --- DOWN!

---ROCK BOTTOM PRICES---

MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS, Groceries,
Wood ware, Willow ware,
Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c.

I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes. All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my stock, and oblige,

JOSEPH G. GATWALS,
PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

EXAMINE AND SEE

.... FOR YOURSELF!

THEY MUST BE SOLD.

MANILLA CLOTH, 36 inches wide. FULAR CLOTH, 31 inches wide. ZEPHYR CLOTH, different shades. All these are splendid wash goods. WHITE LAWN, from 10 to 25 cents per yard. FIGURED LAWNS, a large assortment, 5 cents per yard. Also DRESS NETTING and LACE SKIRTINGS. SEE OUR

HOME SPUN CHECKS!

All wool, light in weight; just the thing for a durable summer dress.

SILK FINISHED DRESS GOODS!

and Linen finished goods in abundance, beside a full line of other Dress Goods. Examine our stock of

CALICOES, MUSLINS,

COTTONADES & CASSIMERES.

We still handle the Ellis shirts (unlaundried) which we are selling at 60 cents; former price 0.95 to \$1. We have a new CORSET—the Pivot Corset, one of the best and easiest fitting corsets made, and ladies can wear them with ease. It is sold at \$1. See our Hamburg Edgings. They are cheap and must be sold. And don't fail to inspect our BED SPREADS, large at 65 cents and \$1, and an extra good one at \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

G. F. HUNSICKER,
IRONBRIDGE, Pa.

COLLEGEVILLE = DRUG STORE =

Diarrhoea Mixture will cure your Diarrhoea & Dysentary.

Culbert's Ague & Liver Pills. Pure Cream Tartar.

Pure Flavoring Extracts. Pure Baking Powder.

Dalmatian Insect Powder for destruction of Flies, Ants, Roaches &c.

Poultry Powder, sure cure for Cholera in Poultry.

PURE SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.

814

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In Corkscrews, Fine Mixtures and Plaids for Men and Boys wear at very low figures.

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Shawls, Muslins,
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Underwear &c. &c.

GROCERIES!

Providence Independent.

Thursday, August 27, 1885.

TERMS—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk	6.47 a. m.
Accommodation	8.07 a. m.
Market	1.25 p. m.
Accommodation	4.34 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Milk	7.17 a. m.
Accommodation	8.14 a. m.
Market	3.13 p. m.
Accommodation	6.46 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH.

Milk	6.56 a. m.
Accommodation	8.49 p. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation	10.3 a. m.
Milk	5.41 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

The fires within the summer furnace are burning low this (Tuesday) afternoon and sweltering humanity heaves long sighs of relief.

"The boys will surely come back again." And Jeremiah, too!

Make the necessary arrangements now and go with the Trappe Lutheran Sunday School excursion to Fairmount Park, next Saturday, August 29. The excursion train will leave Collegeville at 8:12 A. M. By all means, go, and enjoy yourself!

S. L. Grater, of Grater's Ford, tin-smith and dealer in stoves, &c., advertises in another column. Read the adv. and give him a call.

Landlord Brendlinger's new and extensive shed at Limerick Square is a decided improvement.

And to be sure the good citizens of Grater's Ford are highly pleased with their new railroad depot, and they ought to be. They waited, longed, hoped, and begged for decent accommodations long enough, and we will all forgive them if they feel just a little proud, just now. When the new depot at this place rises heavenward with its massive walls of pressed brick the citizens of another locality will no doubt manifest a little pride, too. But will it ever rise?

H. C. Walt, the ice cream manufacturer at Limerick Square, continues to sustain his reputation as an adept at the business.

One day last week, Master David L. Truckess, son of Andrew Truckess, Worcester, captured a large ground hog in a neighboring woods. The animal weighed ten pounds.

Brother Roberts anticipates a year ahead. Next summer he purposes to occupy a tent on the Johanna Heights' camp meeting grounds. We beg leave to presume that in the meantime he will repent.

Don't forget the excursion to Fairmount Park, Saturday morning. Go along.

Jacob Garber, near Trappe, is the owner of a couple of ancient stove plates. They were made in the year 1742 and are supposed to have been used in the Muhlenberg family, about that time.

John B. Metz, of Fairview Village, writes us that he has a very fine pumpkin from last year's growth. Are there any more pumpkins in the county from last year's growth? That's what we'd like to know!

Aaron Weikel, Recorder of Deeds, has been elected District Deputy of the Knights of Pythias for Montgomery county.

The directors of the West Perkiomen school district have decided to adopt a graded course of study, somewhat similar to that of Lower Providence. Still more evidence that the world moves.

The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Norristown has awarded the sum of \$1,050 to Aaron D. Wagoner, of Trappe, for damage to his buildings by the recent tornado in Hatfield.

At the public sale of the estate of the late Jesse Ziegler, of Upper Salford, to be held next month, will be sold 1,000 acres of West Virginia woodland.

The Humane Engine Company of Norristown will go to Royersford on September 12, to attend a parade given by the Human Fire Company of that place.

Dr. A. G. Coleman, of Limerick Square has made the treatment of diseases of the throat a specialty—having had the benefit of an extensive experience in the treatment of the diseases in varied forms. Office hours 12 to 6 p. m., every Saturday.—Adver.

We received a very timely and well written contribution from our highly esteemed old friend M. Auge, of Norristown. It will be published in next week's issue.

The Lutheran Sunday School Excursion train to Fairmount Park next Saturday morning will leave the various stations along the Perkiomen railroads, as follows: Schwenksville, 7:58; Grater's Ford, 8:03; Rahus, 8:07; Collegeville, 8:12; Yerkes, 8:16; Arcola, 8:19; Oaks, 8:24.

Will Remove.

Joseph Gottschall, manager of the Collegeville shoe store, is making preparations to remove his entire stock of boots and shoes to Catasauqua, Lehigh county, where he proposes to conduct his business in the future. Mr. Gottschall's friends will regret to hear of his proposed change of base.

County Conventions.

The Democratic County Convention to nominate candidates for Director of the Poor and Jury Commissioner will be held in Norristown on Tuesday, September 22. The delegate elections will be held the Saturday evening previous.

The Republican County Convention to nominate candidates for the same offices, will be held at the same place a week later, September 29.

Unfortunate.

Some time ago Frank Treidler of Roberts' Machine Works, this place, met with a painful accident, his thumb having been badly lacerated by a piece of machinery. One day last week the second finger of the same hand was caught in a mortising machine and injured to such an extent that amputation was necessary. Dr. Weaver, of Evansburg, performed the operation. Mr. Treidler's injuries will keep him from his work for some time to come.

Robbery.

Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. John Lachman, of Fruitville, this county, attended a Sunday School celebration in the vicinity of Crooked Hill. During their absence a thief found his way, through a window, into the Lachman residence and stole from a drawer about \$75—the wife's hard-earned cash. The same drawer contained Mr. Lachman's watch and numerous old coins valued at \$30, but strange to say the thief did not remove the same. It is thought that some one well acquainted in the neighborhood perpetrated the theft.

Cottage Kindergarten.

It is not generally known that the Cottage Kindergarten had a short summer session, under the direction of Miss Sallie Fenstermacher. The plan for Fall is to have her carry on one section of the Kindergarten and Miss Bertha Perry the other, the latter taking only advanced children. It is not certainly known, however, whether the valuable services of Miss Perry can be secured for said class. Miss Fenstermacher will open her section next week. Parents who have not yet seen her at work will be well repaid for a half hour's visit at her residence.

On Sunday, August 30th, the members of the A. M. E. Church, of Phoenixville, will hold a week meeting in Zimmerman's Grove, near this place, morning and afternoon. It will be conducted by Rev. C. W. Bordley, of that church, who will be assisted by Rev. Amos Wilson, of Norristown, and Rev. James Williams, of Wayne.

Edwin Boyer, a railroad repairman, near Hosenack Station on the Perkiomen Railroad, had all the savings of several years of hard work, about \$145, hidden away in an old coal stove. One night last week he went with his wife to camp meeting, near by, and when he returned found a window broken open, and all his cash gone. It consisted of fourteen \$10 bills, two \$2 bills and one \$1 bill.

The annual picnic of the Sunday School of St. James' Episcopal Church, Evansburg, occurred last Saturday. A brief children's service was held in the church, in the morning, and an address was delivered by Rev. M. Waterman. The attendance was good during the day. After dinner the Eagleville Band arrived and discoursed good music. A number of old friends of the parish were present from Philadelphia and elsewhere.

F. G. Kraft, store merchant, and an aspiring democratic politician of Evansburg, has been appointed postmaster at Lower Providence, to succeed Mr. Shupe who has had charge of the post office for a number of years. Civil service reform doesn't appear to be very well looked in and tied fast, in Lower Providence. Having secured one political prize it is only natural that Mr. Kraft should elevate his canvass and sail for another. We observe that he is a candidate for Director of the Poor.

We acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary card of admission, from Secretary Cyrus T. Fox, to the thirty-first annual exhibition of the Berks County Agricultural and Horticultural Society, which will be held in the city of Reading on September 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th. The fair promises to be the best exhibition of products of the farm, garden and orchard, of thoroughbred horses and cattle, of the household and dairy, &c., ever held in Berks county. Let's go to the Berks county fair.

While Joseph K. Miller, of Limerick township, was driving a mile or so from Limerick Station, on Monday afternoon, his horse took fright at a small express wagon and ran away. The animal brought up against a barbed wire fence and was badly lacerated and injured about the breast and side. Mr. Miller was thrown out and had one

hand and arm torn and lacerated, his wounds being of quite a painful character.

The Coming Festival.

The peach and melon festival in Zimmerman's woods, near this place, by the Citizens' Band of Phoenixville, next Saturday evening, will very likely attract a large number of people. A member of the committee in charge informs us that ample arrangements have been made to accommodate and entertain all who will favor the occasion with their presence. The program for the concert by the Citizens' Band at 7:30 is as follows:

Grand Medley—Overture.....Rollinson.
Recollections of the War.....Beyer.
Passo Doppio il terribile.....Morone.
Fairy's Moonlight Revels.....Keller.
Grand Medley—Bygone Days.....Keller.
Overture—Constance.....Missud.
Rapid Transit—Fantasia.....Rollinson.
Musical Picnic.....Rollinson.

We feel sure that the performance of the above program will prove to be a very agreeable musical treat—by moonlight. If possible go to Zimmerman's woods next Saturday evening.

Deaths.

Elizabeth R. Young, aged 90 years, died at the residence of Horace Priest, near Mingo, this township, last Sunday. The funeral will be held to-day. Interment in Swedeland cemetery.

B. B. Fryer, of Skippackville, died on Wednesday, last week. He was a farmer but of late years was retired from active business. He leaves a wife and family.

Sophia, wife of David Truckess, Sr., of Worcester township, died on Sunday last, aged 69 years. The deceased was the mother of ten children, five boys and five girls, all of whom survive her. The funeral will be held to-day (Thursday) at 10 o'clock. Interment in Lower Providence Presbyterian cemetery. Last April Mr. and Mrs. Truckess celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary—the fiftieth and the last.

Mrs. Esther Bechtel Longacre died, after a long and painful illness, at her residence No. 4064 Aspen Street, West Philadelphia, on Sunday morning, August 23, age about 60 years. Mrs. Longacre was the mother of the late Lincoln B. Longacre. A number of relatives and friends of the deceased reside in this section. At this writing the time appointed for the funeral is not known.

Mr. John S. Broomall, of this place, known to everybody as one of our old residents, on Thursday of last week the 13th inst., entered upon the fifty-first year of his employment in the iron works here. There are but few who can say they have worked for one century through all the changes of half a century without a break. There is but one other man here who can say it. Mr. Broomall, as is regular at his daily labor as any man in the blacksmith shop, where he is employed, and bids fair to work for years yet.—Phoenixville Messenger.

Ursinus College.

The fall term (16 weeks) will open next Monday, August 21. In order to obtain a proper classification and prompt work it is necessary that all the students, especially new ones, should be present at the opening. Present prospects promise a large accession, the value of the educational advantages of the Institution in all desirable respects being more fully appreciated as they become better known. It is the great aim of the College to train its pupils so that they may become good and useful men and women, governed by Christian principles of conduct, fitted for honest work, so that by energy and diligence, ruled by true piety, they may succeed in life in the best and only true sense of success. In these aims and efforts there may be occasional failures in the College, as, alas, there sometimes are even in the best regulated families. Some youths refuse to improve their opportunities, and set themselves perversely against every lesson of right that may be taught them. But the past record of the College as now known by its patrons for fifteen years, furnishes encouraging testimony in favor of its principles, methods and success. It has labored faithfully to establish a worthy reputation in this respect, and has reason to be gratefully encouraged by the results. As to the charges for tuition—they are so moderate that no one who knows and fairly considers the cost of providing the educational facilities furnished can find fault with them. XX.

A Wreck on the Reading.

A PASSENGER TRAIN DASHING INTO AND TELESCOPING SOME FREIGHT CARS. NORRISTOWN, August 25.—A railroad accident occurred this afternoon on the Norristown branch of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. At Mogee's Station, just below Norristown, a local shifting engine was making up a train of coal and freight cars, when the bottom of a coal car fell, thus stopping the train. At almost the same moment the passenger train which left Philadelphia at three o'clock came along and completely telescoped the freight train, even reaching the engine itself. This train consisted of two coal cars and a box car loaded with flour and some furniture. Everything is a complete wreck and the locomotives themselves are a shapeless mass. The engineers of both trains remained at their posts and neither was injured. The fireman of the passenger train had his knees badly hurt. A number of passengers were hurt and bruised by splinters of wood and glass, but no one was seriously injured. Howard Feany, of Norristown, was badly cut by glass while getting his children out of a window. There is no telegraph office within a

half mile of the scene of accident, so that the engineer of the shifter did not know the exact locality of the passenger train, and a curve at the point prevented the engineer of the passenger train from seeing the obstruction until he was upon it. Hundreds of people visited the wreck during the evening. The wreckers were at work soon after four o'clock, so that the track will be cleared by morning. At present the trains are moved in sections.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Joseph Wear, of Port Kennedy, died suddenly in Bridgeport Wednesday evening last week at the residence of Dr. Charles H. Mann. The circumstances of the case are rather peculiar. Mrs. Wear, who was about fifty years of age, intended to come to Norristown, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, boarded the 5:37 train at Betwood. In getting on the car, as the steps were rather high from the ground, she reached for the hand rail, and experienced a sudden pain in doing so. She cried out in terrible agony, and her sufferings increased on the way to Norristown. On reaching DeKalb street station, she was removed to the office of Dr. Mann, who is the family physician. Drs. Ellwood M. and Wm. Corson were also called in, and the usual remedies were resorted to, but she died in a few minutes. Her death is thought to have resulted from internal hemorrhage. Mrs. Wear leaves a husband and several children. She has been in ill health for some time, having had a stroke of paralysis about four months ago. The remains were removed to her home, where a post mortem for the purpose of ascertaining the exact cause of her death was held. The post-mortem was held on Friday morning by Drs. E. M. Corson, of Norristown, C. H. Mann, of Bridgeport, and Frederick, of Centerville, Chester county. The autopsy revealed the fact that Mrs. Wear died from fatty degeneration of the heart, that organ being in a perfectly flaccid condition. She had been in feeble health and it is supposed that the walk across the bridge completely exhausted her remaining strength so that the exertion of getting on the car overcame her. No other cause of death could be discovered.

FOR RENT, The building now occupied by Joseph Gottschall, Esq., of a shoe store. Can have possession on 1st Sept. Apply to J. W. SUNDELAND, aug. 27 Collegeville, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE! By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Montgomery County, to me directed, will be exposed to sale, by public vendue on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1885, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Court House, in the Borough of Norristown, said county, the following described Real Estate: All that certain Messuage and tract of land, situate in the township of Lower Providence said county. Bounded by a public road, the Skippack creek, and lands now or late of John C. Kratz, Morston Rice, Charles Corson, John Drake and others, containing 88 acres 3 Rods and 33 perches of land and water net measure. The improvements are a two story stone house, 30 feet front by 24 ft. deep. First story 2 rooms, hall and stairway, second story 2 rooms and stairway, garret 1 room, not heated, porch at side, a two and a half story stone attachment, 14x30 ft., 2 rooms on each story, cellar, well and pump under porch, cave in yard, a one story frame kitchen, with bake oven, coal house &c. A stone barn 64x35 feet, stable for 5 horses 31 cows. Stone wagon house attached 19x28 ft., carriage house, wagon house and butcher shop, pig pen, ice house, corn crib, well and pump at barn, apple orchard and other fruits, springs of water, and growing timber. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Abraham L. Detweiler, and to be sold by EDWIN S. STAELNECKER, SHERIFF. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NORRISTOWN, PA. Aug. 20/85.

GO ALONG TO SWITCHBACK—GRAND EXCURSION BY THE P. O. S. OF A., No. 267, COLLEGEVILLE, Montg., Co. Pa. Saturday, Oct. 3, '85, TO SWITCHBACK & GLEN ONOKO!

Train will run from Perkiomen Junction leaving Collegeville at 6 o'clock A. M. Returning leave Glen Onoko at 5 o'clock P. M. —PRICES OF TICKETS FOR ROUND TRIP— From Perkiomen Junction, Collegeville, Rahus, Grater's Ford and Schwenksville, \$1.80 " Ziegler'sville and Frederick, \$1.75 " Salford, Hendricks, Kratz and Perkiomen, \$1.70 " Green Lane, McLeans and Hillegas, \$1.65 " Pennsburg, East Greenville, Palm, \$1.60 " Hosenack and all stations above, \$1.55 "TICKETS FOR OVER THE SWITCHBACK 50 CENTS EXTRA. This Excursion will occur during the most delightful season of the year, and this will be the best opportunity offered during 1885 to view the grandeur of Switchback. By all means go along and enjoy a first-class excursion. The committee has made all necessary arrangements for the accommodation of the excursionists. By order of the COMMITTEE.

Special Bargains

STOVES, HEATERS, RANGES, & C., S. L. GRATER'S STOVE and TIN STORE, Grater's Ford, Pa. FARMERS' BOILERS, Of the best make sold at the lowest figures. A full stock of TINWARE. Tin-roofing, Spouting, and general tin-smithing attended to promptly. If you want to purchase a stove it will pay you to give me a call. aug. 27-30mo.

FOR SALE!

A lot of FINE SHOATS, weighing from 40 to 90 pounds. Apply to A. G. GOTWALS, Yerkes Station, Pa. aug. 27, 6m.

STRAYED!

Came to the premises of the undersigned, near Trappe, August 17, a small red cow, with one horn striped. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. DANIEL SHULER.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1885, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, 30 Head of Fresh Cows with calves direct from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Also SHOATS & LAMBS. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by H. H. ALLEBACH, J. G. Fetterolf, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, '85, at Dorworth's Hotel Trappe, 30 Head of Fresh Cows, from Union county, where the subscriber carefully selected a lot of first-rate cows. Come to the sale and see them and favor me with your bids. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by W. C. FORESMAN.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale on FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, '85, at Dorworth's Hotel Trappe, 30 Head of Fresh Cows, from Cumberland County. These cows are of good size, fine bays, and big milkers, and just the kind that will give satisfaction to purchasers. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by A. H. RIEGNER.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, '85, at Reiff's Hotel Rahm Station, 30 Head of Fresh Cows, from Lebanon County. The subscriber will sell an extra lot of Fresh Cows and he cordially invites all who may wish to purchase the right kind of stock to attend this sale. Sale to commence at 1:30. Conditions by HENRY BERTHEISLER, L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, '85, at my Residence near the Montgomery Almshouse, 20 Head of Fresh Cows. This is another lot of extra cows, fine bays and big milkers. Also a lot of FINE SHOATS, FAT SHEEP AND LAMBS. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock. Conditions by M. P. ANDERSON.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, '85, at Smoyer's Lamb Hotel, Trappe, 30 Head of Fresh Cows, from Lancaster County. They are a very fine lot of cows, Farmers and Dairy men are cordially invited to attend this sale as I have the stock to give satisfaction. They are fine bays and big milkers. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by NELSON O. NAILLE, F. M. Evans, auct. J. Casselberry, clerk.

COLLEGEVILLE Roller Mills

Extensive Improvements having been made at the COLLEGEVILLE MILLS, The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that his facilities for manufacturing -- FIRST-CLASS -- Roller Flour!

Are unsurpassed by any other mill in the State. The new machinery now in operation is of the kind which is acknowledged to be the VERY BEST in the United States. The flour made at these mills by the new process has been thoroughly tested and pronounced Excellent in Quality. It is guaranteed to be the best in the market, and everybody is asked to give it a trial.

The old machinery having been retained wheat and rye grists will be ground as heretofore.

Roller Flour Exchanged for Wheat

The Highest Prices in Cash Paid for WHEAT, RYE, &c.

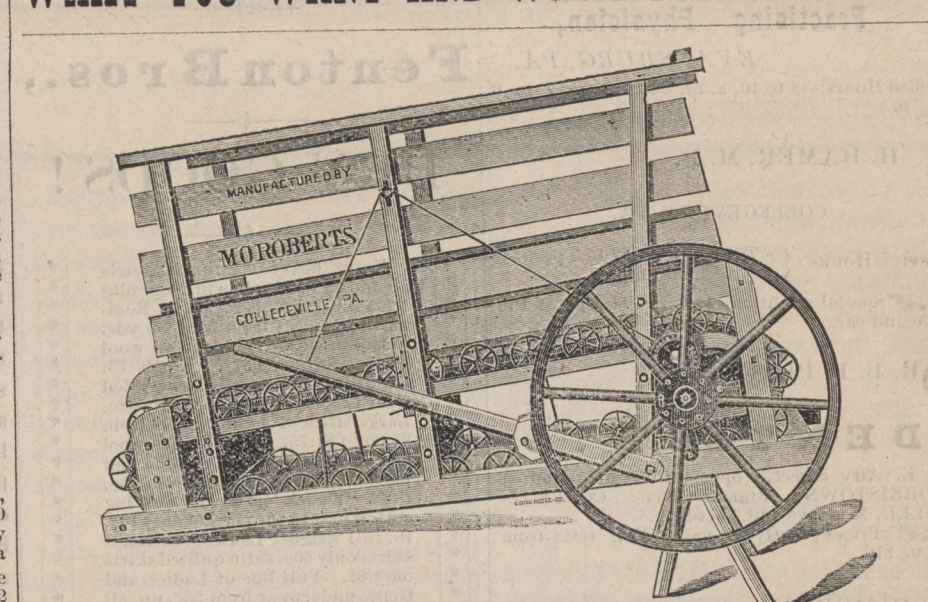
—ALWAYS ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF— FLOUR, BRAN, CORN, OATS, Linseed Meal, Corn Chop, Mixed Chop, —ALL GRISTS GRIND PROMPTLY— Flour, Feed &c., delivered to purchasers in large and small quantities at short notice. Bran sold by the car-load, if desired. Favor us with your patronage.

EDWARD PAIST, Collegeville, Pa.

COLLEGEVILLE MACHINE WORKS,

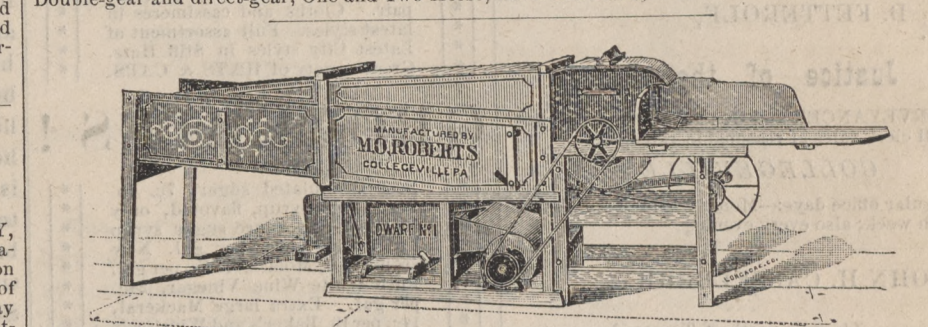
M. O. ROBERTS, Proprietor.

WHAT YOU WANT AND WHAT YOU CAN BUY!



—IF YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS— HORSE POWER, —

Be sure to examine ours before purchasing elsewhere. They are built with first-class material and by skilled workmen. No time or expense is saved to make them superior in every respect. Double-gear and direct-gear, One and Two Horse, Level and Straight Tread. Mounted if required.



—IF YOU WANT A GOOD— THRESHER AND SEPARATOR —

You should buy the DWARF, for the following reasons: It stands lower to the floor than any other make; has a wrought iron bar cylinder with steel teeth (every tooth that breaks is replaced free of charge); has a wrought iron concave of peculiar construction which embodies the only true principle for the changes necessary for different kinds of grain. It is patented by us; no other machine can use it, and no other machine can successfully compete with ours without this improvement. Therefore if you want the best buy the DWARF. It can be taken apart in three parts in a few minutes. It has the most perfect screen in use, owned solely by us. It is the lightest running Thresher made and is guaranteed to clean all kinds of grain ready for the market.

—IF YOU WANT A GOOD— WIND PUMP —

WE CAN SELL YOU THE PERKINS' Which is the only perfect self-regulator in use. We guarantee it to stand the storms. All sizes. Geared mills for grinding and all light work.

—DO YOU WANT A— CEDAR TANK, —

For any purpose? We have a large stock of cedar lumber and manufacture any size to order. We furnish all kinds of PIPING for water, or steam, and do PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING, in every branch. —HAND PUMPS OF EVERY VARIETY.—

—IF YOU WANT AN— ARTESIAN WELL —

Bored, give us a call. We have a first-class Drill and Rigging to bore six and eight inch holes a thousand feet deep, if necessary. The common idea has prevailed that artesian wells are expensive, but if you will inquire into the matter you will find them far cheaper than the old method of digging wells, besides they always ensure a supply of pure water.

If you want a MOWER, REAPER, or BINDER, we have them to sell and you will get a good one because we have the BUCKEYE, Hay Tedders, Hay Rakes of three different kinds. We have for sale the SOUTH BEND PLOW, and the SUPERIOR GRAIN DRILL which far surpasses any other make.

—WE MANUFACTURE ALL KINDS OF— MILL GEARING, SHAFTING, HANGERS, PULLEYS, &c.

Give us a call and we will sell to you at the right figures, and guarantee all of our work.

M. O. ROBERTS, COLLEGEVILLE, Montgomery Co., Pa.

H. M. BROWNBACK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 8 ARLY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA. Jun. 25-1yr.

N. P. SNYDER, HARNESS MANUFACTURER GRATER'S FORD, PA., Harness, of the best material made to order at short notice. Complete stock of all kinds of horse goods always on hand. Repairing promptly attended to. June 25-1yr.

SAMUEL CASSEL, (Successor to Fuss & Cassel.) GRATER'S FORD, Pa. DEALER IN GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED, COAL, SEEDS, LIME, FERTILIZERS, PLASTER, Cement, Pewter Sand, Terra Cotta Pipes, Chimney Tops, &c. Also Chestnut Rails for fencing. All orders promptly filled. By strict attention to business I hope to merit and receive a fair share of the patronage of the public. may 31-3m.

—Store Goods—

—AT— Cost Prices! —

AND LESS. —

A chance for bargains, as I mean to sell. The store will be for rent.

H. C. STYER, TRAPPE, PA.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of John Cassel, late of Perkiomen township, Montgomery county, dec'd. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims to present the same without delay to SAMUEL G. CASSEL, JOHN G. CASSEL, Lower Providence, Pa., Administrators. Jy 23-6m.

